

The
Poor Soldier

Comic opera in 2 acts

May

1815?



THE

POOR SOLDIER;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE

Theatres Royal.

DUBLIN:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Captain FitzroyMr. BANNISTER.
PatrickMr. KENNEDY.
DarbyMr. JOHNSTONE.
DermottMr. EDWIN.
Father Luke.....Mr. WILSON.
BagatelleMr. WEWITZER.

WOMEN.

NorahMrs. BANNISTER.
KathleenMrs. MARTYR.



THE POOR SOLDIER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

On the one side KATHLEEN'S House ; on the other, at a great Distance, the House of FATHER LUKE.

Enter DARBY and DERMOTT.

Dar. STAY where you are.—Kathleen will be here by and by.

Der. O that ever I should be such an unfortunate fellow, as to think her a pretty girl.

Dar. Upon my soul now she's grown vastly uncivil ; for she turns up her nose at me.

Der. I know the one she'll have.

Dar. Is some French Monsieur to take the girl away from a couple of tight Irish boys of us ?—(*Weeps.*) I never dream but of poor Kathleen—Oh, oh, oh !

Der. Well, well ; but you'll disturb her with your noise ; go and bellow further off.

Dar. Ah ! but I am afraid of Father Luke : you know he threatened when poor Pat us'd to come to his window, to court his ward Norah, that he'd him put into the Bishop's court ; and therefore poor Pat, full of grief and vexation, went for a soldier.

Der. But you'll disturb Kathleen ; go away, go.

AIR I.—DERMOTT.

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast ;
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me ;
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermott wakes,
To none but love and thee.

[*Exit Dermott.*]

Dar. Such singing would wake an owl out of her sleep :
I'll try to rouse her.

AIR II.—DARBY.

Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet it is :
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late it is :
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play :
On two legs ride
Along, to bid—
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowsy,
With whiskey, ale, and cyder ;
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me sit beside her :
Her anger rose,
As sour as sloes,
The little gipsey cock'd her nose ;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid—
Good morrow to your night-cap.

[KATHLEEN *appears at the window.*

Kat. Who's that ?—Dermott !

Dar. Yes, I am—Darby.—(*Aside.*—I knew I should
bring her down.—oh, I'm a fine marksman !

Enter KATHLEEN.

Kat. Darby ! So you must come singing at my window ;
but I tell you once for all, I won't have you ;—as I hope for
man I won't.

Dar. That's a good joke, hope for man and not have me.

AIR III.—KATHLEEN.

Since love is the plan,
I'll love if I can :
But first let me tell you what sort of a man :
In address how complete,
And in dress spruce and neat ;
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet :
Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

Tho' gentle he be,
 His man he may see ;
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me :
 In a song bear a bob ;
 In a glass hob or nob ;
 Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
 This is my fancy,
 If such a man can see,
 I'm his, if he's mine, until then I'm free.

Dar. Well, and hav'nt I every thing comfortable about me? A snug farm, heifers, and sheep, and a pad to ride on, on Saturdays, and a potatoe-garden to walk in; only look at me:—am I not as tight a fellow as you wou'd wish to clap your eyes on in a Summer's day.

Kat. Don't think of talking to me fellow.—Do you know that I am an heiress?

Dar. Why, to be sure, your father, Old Jorum, who used to keep the alehouse, left you well enough as a body may say.

Kat. Left me well enough!—Did not he leave me a great sum of money?—A matter of eleven pounds fifteen shillings, and a barrel of ale untapp'd.—Left me well enough! Why, you pitiful fellow, do you know who you talk to? Did'nt he leave me halfa dozen china plates, a case of silver-hafted knives and forks, a chest of drawers, an easy chair, and a three-legg'd stool?—Left me well enough! And don't you know, that he left me a cow and a calf, and a bald filly to ride on.

Dar. Now she's got upon her bald filly, the devil himself can't take her down. [*Aside.*

Kat. Left me well enough!—Now, as I am an heiress, a husband I'll have this night if I can.

DUET.—KATHLEEN and DARBY.

AIR IV.

Kath. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

Darb. I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

Kath. I'll cock my cap at a smart young man.

Darb. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

Kath. In courtship funny,

Darb. Once sweet as honey,

Kath. You drone—

Darb. No, Kate, I'm your humble bee.

Kath. Go dance your dogs, with your fiddle de dee,
For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

Both. Go dance your dogs, &c.

Darb. You'll ne'er meet such a kind soul as me.

Kath. Like sweet milk turn'd, now to me seems love.

Darb. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

Kath. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chose,

Darb. And with a flower I sting my nose.
In courtship, &c.

[*Exit DARBY and KATHLEEN severally.*

Enter CAPT. FITZROY.

Fitz. This is the house that contains my charming Norah:
—as her guardian I know is not at home, perhaps I may
find an opportunity of conversing with the dear object of
my wishes.

[*Noise of huntsmen and horns behind.*

So the hounds are going out. Well, let the timid hare be
their pursuit:—my game lies another way.

AIR V.—FITZROY.

The twins of Latonia, so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chase;
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Diana's fair moon,
And a smile to the smiles of her face.

For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of Love,
With myrtles my brows shall adorn,
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and sculks in the grove,
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupl'd, and sweet is their cry,
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply;
Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbines peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale;
Yet flies, till entangled in fear, and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail.

Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear;
With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.

[*The door opens.*] I'll step aside, and observe her awhile unseen. [*Exit.*]

Enter NORAH.

AIR VI.—NORAH.

The meadow looks cheerful, the birds sweetly sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of Spring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, oh, hide your gay charms!
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' sattins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.

[*Seeing FITZROY approaching.*] Oh, heavens! there's the gentleman my guardian is always teasing me about—I'll avoid him. [*Returns into the house.*]

Fitz. S'death I am disappointed!—Stay my charming Norah.

Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Monsieur!—Monsieur!

Fitz. What do you want?

Bag. I come to tell you——

Fitz. What?

Bag. Bless my soul, I run so fast—I came to tell you—I am out of breath—It is all blown.

Fitz. What's blown?—My love affair, I suppose. (*Aside.*

Bag. De Mareshalle poudre is all blown out of de window.

Fitz. Then you must send to town for more.

Bag. Me forgot to tell you, sir, another affair of grand consequence.

Fitz. Well, what is it?

Bag. De people, sir, are waiting breakfast for you in de grand parlour.

Fitz. Why did'nt you tell me so at first? [*Exit.*]

Bag. Begar my master is always in such hurries.—I met Father Luke in de village; and now I'll go and visit Mademoiselle Norah.—Ah! I do love Miss Norah,—I vil speak to Father Luke, and get her for my wife.—Ah, Machere Norah! she shall be my wife!

AIR VII.—BAGATELLE.

Written by Charles Murray of the Norwich Theatre.

TUNE—*Marshall Saxe's Minuet.*

Ah ! me chere
 My pretty dear,
 Ma charmante Miss Norah,
 Oh ! I'll sigh and press her ;
 I vil ever bless her,
 Cuddel and caress her,
 Till she cry encora.
 Spite of de fate,
 She is my mate,
 Nous dansirons togedre :
 Ve can never tire ;
 Frenchman is all on fire ;
 Oh, Bagatelle's so clever.

How le beau monde vil stare,
 Pour voir ce happy pair ;
 Promenez,
 Si neglegee
 Like de little turtle dove,
 Always billing, cooling,
 Like two pussies mewing,
 Purring out their tale of love.
 Oh dear me,
 How ver pretty,
 Ven ve come togedre !
 All de night and day, Sir.
 Ve vil kiss and play, Sir,
 Oh, Bagatelle's so clever.

Vat grand bliss
 To toy and kiss,
 Vid my dear Miss Norah :
 Oh ! She be so pretty,
 And so very vitty,
 It would much pity,
 Not to cry encora.
 Oh ! mon Dieu,
 Oh ! sacre blieu,
 Nous baisserons for ever ;
 Love can never tire,
 Nought can quench his fire,
 Oh, Bagatelle's so clever.

Ven ve go to play,
 Habillez so fine and gay :
 Si bien jantee,
 Oh tout a fait ;

In our air no embarrass.
 Like de grand Noblesse,
 Ve sall be carrasse ;
 It vill make grand coup d'eclat,
 How I vish,
 Vid pretty Miss,
 To tie de knot for ever ;
 I sall live in clover,
 Ven it all is over ;
 Oh, Bagatelles's so clever.

[*Exit* BAGATELLE.]

Scene changes to another part of the Village.

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Once more I'm return'd to my native village after two long year's absence!—up to the heart in love, and not a sixpence in my pocket.

Dar. (sings without.) ' Good morning to your night-cap.'

Pat. Oh! there's my old acquaintance Darby, as merry and as silly as ever.

Enter DARBY.

Dar. What!—Pat, returned!—Zounds, I'm glad to see you!—How are you my old friend?

Pat. I thank you, I am bravely—How fares all our old friends?

Dar. Purely—except a cow of mine that died last week.

Pat. How does my dear Norah?

Dar. She's very well; but, Pat, how came you to list for a soldier?

Pat. When her guardian would not give his consent to our marriage, and I could not have her without his approbation, I listed for a soldier.

Dar. Well, and how do you like it?

Pat. Like it!—A soldier's life is the finest life in the world.

How happy the soldier that lives on his pay,
 And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day ;
 Yet fears neither justices warrants, or bums,
 But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
 With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
 His king finds him quarters, and money and clothes ;
 He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
 And rattles away with the roll of the drums.
 With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, his delight,
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight ;
 No girl when she hears it, though ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
 With a row-de-dow, &c.

[*This Song is not written by Mr. O'Keefe.*]

Dar. O ! I find you'll take Norah away with your row-de-dow !—A soldier is a happy fellow.

Pat. Will you be a soldier, come with me and I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. I'cod with all my heart ; I think regimentals wou'd become me mightily :—Let me try if your hat fits me.—
 [*Puts on Patrick's hat, and struts about, till he by chance sees a scar on Patrick's forehead.*—What's that ?

Pat. What ?

Dar. That cut on your forehead !

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle, in attempting to rescue an officer ; I was left for dead on the field ; there's glory for you.

Dar. So they left you bleeding in your glory.—Here, take your hat—I do not think regimentals would become me at all.

[*Gives the hat back.*]

Pat. What's the matter ? You are frightened, are you ?

Dar. O, no ; frightened ; no, to be sure ;—but I think it looks so conceited for a man to wear a black patch.—Good bye to you.

Pat. Come, this is the way to my serjeant.

Dar. Your serjeant !—'tis my serjeant I want, and he's this way.—No, no, Master Pat, you shall not catch me bleeding in my glory with a row-de-dow, &c.—Your servant, Pat.

[*Exit.*]

Pat. Now for my charming Norah, and then for a pitcher of friendship with my old acquaintance.

AIR IX.—PATRICK

The wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer;
 Give me but health, I ask no more,
 My little girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare,
 My girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

[*Exit* PAT.]

Scene changes to the Inside of FATHER LUKE'S House.

BAGATELLE discovered speaking through the key-hole of
 NORAH'S door.

Bag. Mademoiselle Norah, open the door, if you please.

Nor. Begone about your business. [*From within.*]

Pat. (*Without.*) Where is my charming girl?

Bag. O begar, here be somebody coming!—Vat shall I do? Begar I vil hide myself in this closet!

Goes into a closet.

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Where is my sweet girl; my Norah?

Nor. (*Within.*) Begone about your business; I desire you will leave the house directly.

Pat. What is this I hear!—I know that voice? a pretty compliment after two year's absence.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. Is it you, my dearest Pat!

Pat. Sweet Norah, you was ever dear to me!

Nor. If I was ever dear to you, how could you leave me then?—but judge of me by these tears!

Pat. My charming girl, what tears are these?

Nor. They are tears of joy at your return!

Bag. (*Peeping.*) Vat vill become of poor Bagatelle?

Pat. I think I heard a noise.

Nor. If it should be my uncle, what will become of me ; for he is more averse than ever to our union.

Pat. I will slip into this closet.

[*Goes into the closet and pulls BAGATELLE out.*

Bag. How do you do, Sir!—Me hope you be very well.

Pat. (*To Nor.*) Are these your sighs for my absence? Your tears of joy at my return!—to be locked-up with a rascally hair-dresser!

Bag. Rascal hair-dresser! vat you mean? I am a French gentlemans: you shall give satisfaction; you shall meet me.

Pat. What, with your curling-irons! away with you, or I will beat you while I can hold a splinter of a shelela.

Bag. Shelela, what do call shelela?

Pat. Begone!—or do you choose to walk out of the window?

Bag. Sir, to oblige you, I could walk out of de window; but I had much rather go down stairs. [*Exit.*

Pat. Ah! my dear Norah!—could I think you would deceive me.

Nor. And can you think me false?

Pat. Can I think otherwise!—But you have given me back my heart.

DUET.—PATRICK and NORAH.

AIR X.

Pat. A rose-tree in full bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see;
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager then to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

Norah. How fine this morning early,
All sun-shiny, clear, and, bright:
So fate I loved you dearly.
Tho' lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen;
Farewell ye fleeting hours
Your falsehood has changed the scene.

Duet. How fine, &c.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood.

Enter DARBY and BAGATELLE.

Bag. Monsieur Darby!—Monsieur Darby!

Dar. I believe that is Monsieur Bag-and-tail.

Bag. I am glad I find you, Darby; I was hunt you all over de village, and could not find you.

Dar. That is because I am so wrapt up in love.

Bag. You must know, I am going to kill Pat, the soldier; and you must be my friend.

Dar. Had'nt you better kill Dermott, then I will be your friend.

Bag. O! but Pat, the soldier, has affronted me:—you shall be my second.

Dar. Your second;—could not you make me your third or fourth?

Bag. (*Showing a letter.*) Begar, dis be de lettre de mor.

Dar. O! what, you will lather him more.

Bag. C'est un autre chose.

Dar. What, must I get two other shoes!

Bag. C'est un barbare.

Dar. What, because you are a barber.

Bag. Vat you mean by that? Pat calls me rascal hair-dresser, and you call me barber. You no understand: this is de letter Lord Lofty's coachman did write for me. You read, Darby.

Dar. O yes.

Bag. There. (*Gives DARBY the letter.*)

Dar. (*Reads.*) 'This comes hoping,'—O! I'll run all the way if that is all.

Bag. Ver you a going, Darby?—You told me you read, 'tis not hoping:—read on.

'This comes hoping that you are in good health as I am at this present writing; though you think yourself a great officer, you shall not make me walk out of the window! I'll have Norah in spite of you—I'll be damn'd if I don't: meet me at the Elm Grove at seven o'clock to give me satisfaction; but not with curling-irons. I am yours, as in duty bound.

Bag. You see I will not sign my name, because I wou'd avoid the laws. You must carry it for me.

Dar. I'll take care Pat shall have it.

Bag. Well, now I have settled this affair d'honneur, I will go——

Dar. Where are you going, Monsieur Bag-and-tail?

Bag. I vil go—begar I vil go—I vil go and brush my master's coat. [Exit BAGATELLE.]

Dar. Now I recollect, I will not give this letter; since Pat has been a soldier he's grown a bloody-minded fellow; and since he wants Monsieur Bagatelle to walk out of the window, perhaps he may want me to walk up the chimney; so the boy at the public-house shall give it him—he is a better figure to walk up a chimney than I am.

AIR I.—DARBY.

Though I was plump, round, and jolly,
I now am as thin as a rod;
Oh!—love is the cause of my folly,
I soon shall lie under a sod;
Sing natherum doodle, nagetty tragedy rum,
My diddtherum doodle, figetty nigetty mum.

Dear Kathleen then, why did you flout me,
A lad that is so cosie and warm;
With every thing handsome about me,
My cabin and snug little farm;
Sing natherum doodle, &c.

What, though I have scrap'd up no money,
No duns at my chamber attend;—
On Sunday I ride on my pony,
And still have a bit to a friend;
Sing natherum doodle, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The sparrows, the pigeon, and dove:
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,
When I look, and I think of my love;
Sing natherum doodle, &c.

Enter PATRICK and NORAH.

Pat. Oh, my Norah! I find more danger in encountering thine eyes, my charming girl, than in a battle! and can you then prefer your poor Pat, though a common soldier, to all mankind?

Nor. Yes, my dearest Pat! what, though you are only a common soldier in the army; you are to me a field-officer.

AIR II.—NORAH.

Farewell ye groves and chrystal fountains,
 The gladsome plains and silent dell :
 Ye humble vales and lofty mountains,
 And welcome now a lofty cell :
 And oh, farewell ! fond youth, most dear ;
 Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere,
 We'll meet and share the parting tear,
 And take a long and last farewell.

Pat. My sweet Norah ! and will absence never change your sentiments ? Prouder of your love than all the honours of my profession ;—I shall ever possess the heartfelt satisfaction of remembering how dear you are to your Poor Soldier.

AIR III.—PATRICK.

Though Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
 Its groves of fine myrtle, its bed of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids ;
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong.
 Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may boast of,
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my song.

The gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare ;
 Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair.
 Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long ;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Nor. You will be sure to come at the time agreed on.

Pat. Never fear me. (*Exit NOR.*) O how happy am I !

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. What's this I see ?—My destin'd bride in talk with a common soldier ! Good morrow, brother soldier,—a handsome girl that you was talking to——

Pat. Why, she's thought so indeed, sir.

Fitz. You seem well with her ?

Pat. Yes, sir ; I have long lov'd her.—Brought up in the same village together, we became attach'd to each other and promis'd mutual fidelity but I'm afraid I shall lose her

Fitz. What, you have a rival, perhaps ?

Pat. I have, sir.

Fitz. Now for a picture of myself. (*Aside.*)—Some rich rascal I suppose ?

Pat. I envy not his riches, sir!—but as to your latter epithet, I am sure he does not deserve it.

Fitz. How so ?

Pat. Because, sir, he is an officer, and therefore I am sure he is a man of honour.

Fitz. It is a pity you are not an officer. You have been in the service.

Pat. Yes, sir, I have seen some service.—I was wounded at the battle of Johnston's Ford, in America, in saving my captain's life.

Fitz. As I live, the very man who saved my life in that engagement. (*Aside.*) I hope you got your reward.

Pat. I look'd for none : I did no more than my duty, in fighting for my king and country, and rescuing my officer.

[*Going.*

Fitz. Where are you going ?

Pat. I am going from her I love ; because fortune forbids our union.

Fitz. Take my advice :—see her once more. I honour your frankness ; you are a brave fellow, and something may be done for you.

Pat. Well, sir, since you advise me, I will see her once more. If I had a friend to speak to her guardian, I perhaps might have some chance to succeed : I am, however, obliged to your good wishes, and will profit by your advice. [*Exit.*

Fitz. What a noble spirit ! The embroider'd epaulet may distinguish the officer ; but let him not disdain to take a lesson from this poor soldier :—there is sometimes more real merit to be found under worsted lace, than under gold or silver tassels.

AIR IV.—FITZROY.

The spring with smiling face is seen,
To usher in the May ;

And nature clad in mantle green,

All sprig'd with flow'rets gay ;

The feather'd songsters of the grove,

Then join in harmony and love,

The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,
 Low builds her humble nest ;
 The rambling boy that finds the prize,
 Is sure supremely blest :
 For when the tuneful bird is flown,
 He hastes, and marks it for his own.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Are you the man in the red coat ?

Fitz. Yes, my boy, I believe I am the man in the red coat.—What's your business ?

Boy. Darby desired me to give you this.

Fitz. Who ?

Boy. Darby.

[Exit Boy.]

Scene changes to the Outside of DERMOTT'S House.

Enter FATHER LUKE and DERMOTT.

F. L. Well, what is this spiritual business ?—Reveal to me, Dermott.—You know I have got your conscience in my keeping.—But have you tapp'd the barrel of ale ?

Der. Yes, I have, and you shall taste it.

[Goes in for a jug.]

F. L. He's coming round about my ward—a wheedling son of a——

Enter DERMOTT with a Jug of Ale.

Der. I will prime him well before I speak to him about Kathleen : 'tis a hard heart that a drop of ale won't soften.

F. L. This brown jug and I are old acquaintance, Dermott.

Der. Indeed, sir, you are.

AIR V.—DERMOTT.

Dear sir, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale.
 Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the Vale ;
 Was once Toby Filpot's, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er cack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl ;
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its cover so snug,
 And with part of old Toby he form'd this brown jug.
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the Vale.

[*This Song is not written by Mr. O'Keefe.*]

Enter DARBY.

Dar. How do you do Father Luke?

F. L. O Darby! are you there?

Dar. Will you consent that I shall marry Kathleen?

F. L. You marry Kathleen!—Get you gone you reprobate.

Dar. I have a fine fat sheep for your reverence.

F. L. A fat sheep!—I always thought you was born under a lucky planet. But, Darby, you must be a good lad, and turn sober. I am your priest, and tell you that you must repent and marry.

Dar. I will marry first, and repent afterwards.

AIR VI.—FATHER LUKE.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine;
 But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign,
 So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear Darby, your are settled for life.
 Sing Ballynamono, Oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

The bans being published, to chapel we go,
 The bride and bridegroom in coats white as snow;
 So modest her attire, and so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
 Sing, &c.
 A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
 He blushes at love, and she whispers—obey,
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
 Sing, &c.
 That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride,
 The pipers before us march side by side,
 A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
 The piper plays up—myself I say grace.
 Sing, &c.
 A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown,
The curtain is drawn and you're both left alone ;
'Tis then my good boy I believe you at home,
And hey for a christ'ning at nine months to come.

Sing, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

Dar. And so, Father, you say I shall marry Kathleen.

F. L. But you are so wicked.

Dar. Indeed I am not.

F. L. Here comes Kathleen.—(*Enter KATHLEEN from the house.*)—Put your best leg foremost to her now.

Dar. Which is my best leg?

F. L. By my soul they are both bad enough.

Dar. What am I to do now?

F. L. What are you to do now—there's a pretty question:—why kiss her man to be sure.

Dar. You'll speak a good word for me, Father Luke.

F. L. A fat sheep you say.

Dar. A fine fat sheep.

F. L. Harkye, Kathleen—this lad, Darby, will make you a good husband—the devil a better—won't you, Darby?

Dar. Indeed, I will.

F. L. There will be more marriages when the captain comes, and I can marry you at the same time.

Kath. I will have no husband but Dermott.

F. L. Consider what I am saying to you.—Dermott is an ugly man, and a bad Christian.

Enter DERMOTT.

Dar. Dermott, you are a bad man and an ugly Christian.

F. L. Oh! are you there? Here take your brown jug again, you empty fellow.

Der. I come to ask your consent to marry Kathleen.

F. L. (*To Darby.*) You shall marry Kathleen.

Der. Oh, if that is the case! I have two fat sheep, which I had intended as a present for your worship; but now I'll go with them to the fair, and get drunk with the money.

F. L. Harkye, Dermott; it is a great sin to get drunk! Oh, Darby! (*to DARBY*) if you have nothing else to do, you may go about your business, you ugly man; do not make a Judy of yourself.—It is *two* fat sheep you say.

[*To DERMOTT.*

Der. Yes.

F. L. (To DARBY.) You don't marry Kathleen, and I will tell you why; because it is *two* to one against you. Go away, Darby.—[*To DERMOTT.*] I will couple you altogether when the captain comes, as soon as I can put my thumb upon matrimony.

FATHER LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY, and KATHLEEN.

QUARTETTO.—AIR VII.

Kath. [to Der.] You the point may carry,
If a while you tarry.

[*to Dar.* But for you,
I tell you true,
No, no, you I'll never marry.

Chorus. You the point, &c.

Der. Care our souls disowning,
Punch our sorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever approve,
Joys our wishes crowning.

Chorus. Care our, &c.

Dar. To the Church I'll hand her.

(*Offers to take her.*

Then through the world I'll wander:

[*She refuses.*

I'll sob and sigh,
Until I die,

A poor forsaken gander.

Chorus. To the Church, &c.

F. L. Each pious priest since Moses,
One mighty truth discloses;
You're never vexed,
If this the text.

Go fuddle all your noses.

Chorus. Each pious, &c.

SCENE.—AN ELM GROVE.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. I wonder who this challenger can be! O! here's company.—I'll step aside and see.

[*Retires.*

Enter BAGATELLE and DARBY.

Dar. O, Monsieur Bag-and-tail!—if I fall, you will take my corps, not a very ugly one, to Dermott's wedding: but let me stand behind you, Monsieur Bagatelle.—(*Gets behind him.*)—Why I might as well stand behind a pitchfork.

Bag. Zounds!—here's my master!

Enter CAPT. FITZROY.

Fitz. Why you rascal, did you send a challenge to me?

Bag. Me sir!—Oh, no!—My Lord Lofty's coachman did write it; Darby here knows—what do you know, Darby?—You tell my master all about it.

Dar. I went to Father Luke's house, and there I got the letter; and so I went to Father Luke's house, and there the letter was given me; and so Father Luke's house—O now I have it—Father Luke was out of the window.

Bag. Father Luke house was out of the window—and so, sir—

Dar. Yes, sir, and so, sir; there's a true account of the matter—I find I did not go to school for nothing.

Fitz. Harkye, sir; get you home, sir, or I shall break every bone in your rascally skin—I'll teach you to send challenges—away, sir.

Bag. O yes, sir, begar I am glad I have got off so well. [*Exit.*]

Fitz. As for you, you had better stick to your spade, than meddle with sword and pistol.

Dar. But captain, do you think me or Dermott the prettiest fellow.

Fitz. Get home with you, sir, and mind your cart. [*Exit.*]

Dar. You a captain, and can't tell me that.—Harkye, you corporal.—(*FITZROY returns—DARBY beckons the contrary way.*) Here corporal, corporal, I find I must up to town to talk with these captains.

AIR VIII.—DARBY.

Since Kathleen has proved so untrue,
Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off, and gallop to town:
I'll dress and I'll strut with an air,
The barber shall frizzle my hair,

In town I shall cut a great dash ;
 But how for to compass the cash ;
 At gaming, perhaps I may win,
 With cards I can take the flats in ;
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd ;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,
 A duel will establish my fame ;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write ;
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight,
 We'll swear not to part till we fall.
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

SCENE.—FATHER LUKE'S *House*.

Enter FATHER LUKE and NORAH.

F. L. If you do not consent to marry Captain Fitzroy, the man of my choice, I'll send you to France, and put you into a convent.

Nor. I am content—I never will marry the man I can't approve of

F. L. You are content!—you put me in a passion, and then you are content—Get you into the room, and stay here till you go to France. [*Locks her up.*]

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Who are you going to send to France ?

F. L. My ward, sir ; she won't consent to marry you—she is obstinate.

Fitz. Will you resign the charge of her to me, sir ?

F. L. With all my soul : there, captain, with that key, I resign my authority ; and now if I find Mr. Patrick, I'll send him to the county jail.

Fitz. Here comes the soldier. [*Enter* PAT.]—You are punctual I see.

Pat. I promis'd to be so.

Fitz. Was you ever brought to the halberts ? how came you absent from your regiment ? have you a furlough ?

Pat. No, sir.

Fitz. I have the honour to bear his Majesty's commission, and shall take you up as a deserter to the service. I have a person ready here to take you into custody.

Pat. What a cruel piece of treachery !

[*FITZROY brings out NORAH.*

Fitz. Dear Norah, since you have refused my hand, permit me to reward your constancy,—putting you into the hands of your lover, and he will reward you.

Nor. I am all amazement !

Pat. Let us kneel and thank our deliverer.

Fitz. To keep you no longer in suspense, know then, that I am that officer whose life you saved at Johnston's Ford. I have a commission to bestow, and desire, gallant youth, you will take it as a small reward for your past services ; and heaven bless you both.

Enter FATHER LUKE, DERMOTT, DARBY, and KATHLEEN.

F. L. There the soldier is ; lay hands upon him.

Dar. No, I won't lay hold of him.—Do not you see the white serjeant has hold of him already.

F. L. Why, captain, do you refuse to marry my niece ?

Fitz. I do ; and bound in honour to give her to a worthier lover.

F. L. What, bring a foot soldier into my family.

Fitz. Having a commission to dispose of, I have given it to him, and think myself his inferior, when I see superior merit, and higher virtues in this poor—but worthy soldier.

FINALE.

Fitzroy.—What true felicity I shall find,
When those are join'd,
By fortune kind ;
How pleasing to me,
So happy to see,
Such merit and virtue united !

Norah.—No future sorrows can grieve us,
If you please to forgive us,
To each kind friend,
Thus we lowly bend,
Your pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted.

Chorus. No future, &c.

Patrick. With my commission, yet dearest life,
My charming wife,
With drum and fife,

Shall beat up to arms,
 The plunder your charms,
 In love your Poor Soldier you'll find me.
Kathleen.—This love my wishes has granted;
 I get the dear lad that I wanted:
 Less pleas'd with a duke.
 When my own Father Luke,
 To my own little Dermott has join'd me.
Chorus. This love, &c.

Darby.—You impudent hussey, (*DERMOTT frowns.*)
 At a pretty rate
 Of love you prate;
 But harkee, Kate,
 Your little dear lad,
 Will find that his pad
 Has got a nice—kick in his gallop. *x*
F. L.—Now, Darby, upon my salvation,
 You merit excommunication;
 In love but agree,
 And shortly you'll see,
 In marriage I will soon tie you all up.
Chorus. Now, Darby, &c.

Dermott. The devil a bit one cares a bean,
 For neat and for clean,
 We will both be seen,
 Myself and my lass,
 Next Sunday at mass,
 And there we will be coupled for ever.
Patrick.—The laurel I have won in the field, sir.
 Yet now in a garden I yield, sir;
 Nor think it a shame,
 Your mercy to claim;
 Your mercy's my sword and my shield, sir.

CHORUS OF MEN.

The laurel and bays,
 Revive by your praise;
 Our poet solicits your pardon.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Then be not severe,
 With smiles you can cheer.
 The posies of your Covent-Garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel &c.

THE END.



